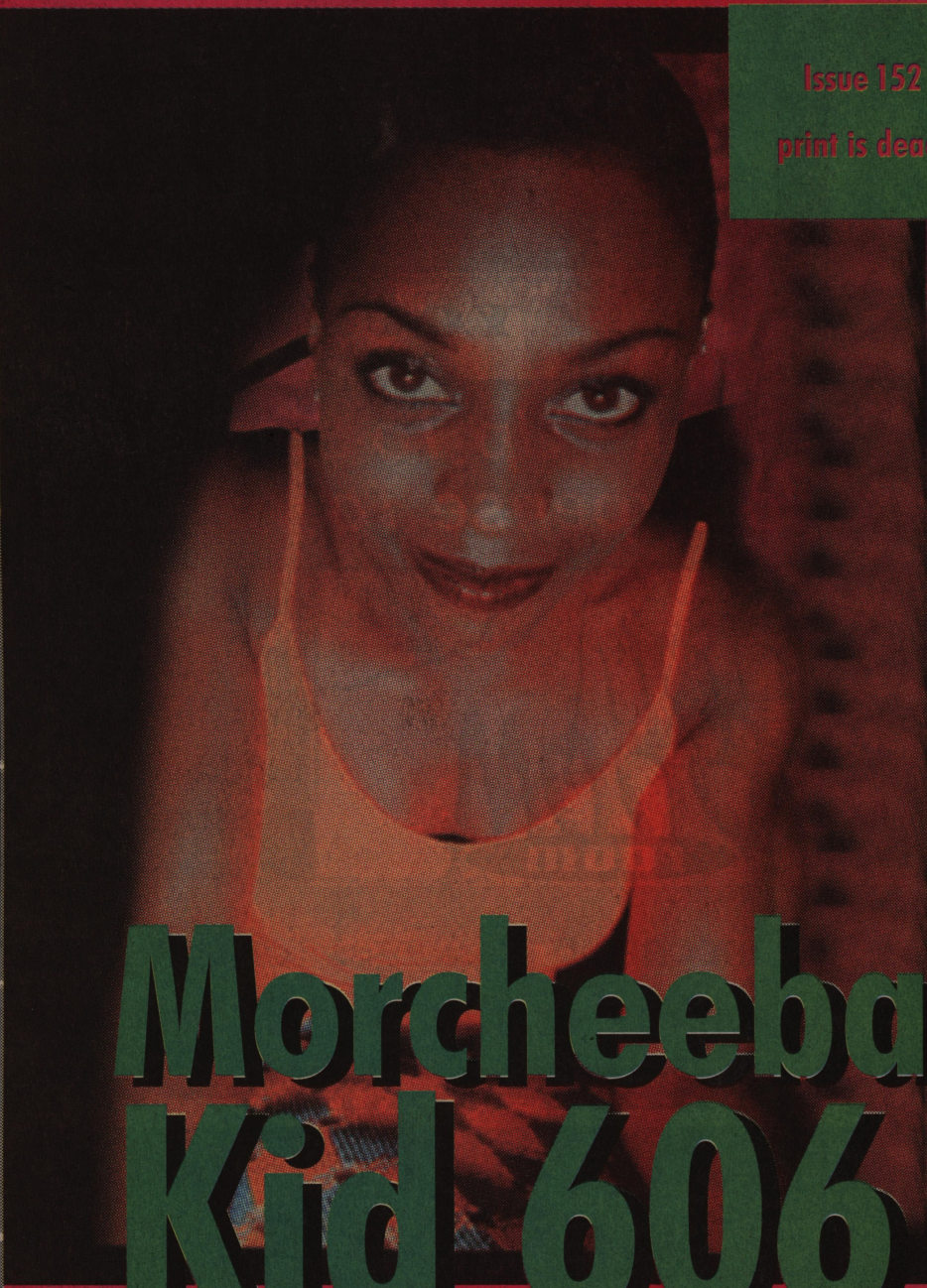


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Issue 152
print is dead.

A black and white portrait of a woman, Morcheeba, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a light-colored, thin-strapped top. The background is dark and out of focus.

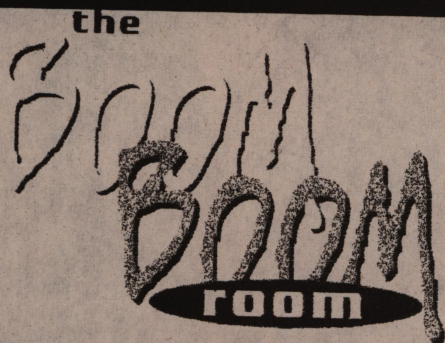
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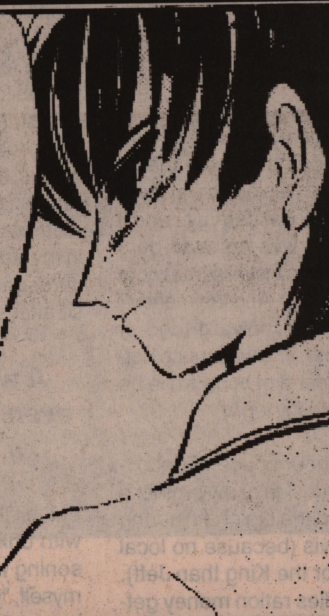
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ENTER THE NINJA

By Chris Eng

www.HoserNation.com

Recently, I've discovered a new habit in myself. When I find myself stressed out and no longer in control of my own destiny, I head down to Universal Tattooing and get my friend Jeff to stick indelible ink into my body.

Dateline: Last summer; depressed and living in my girlfriend's parent's basement. No job prospects, no income - 100% pure, undiluted deadbeat. I was adrift in Victoria and more than a little bitter about it, but there was one thing I was still in control of - my own body, dammit - and if I couldn't figure out what I was going to do, I could at least figure out how to install some more permanent etchings on myself. And the money? Well, it was only going to go toward food or something frivolous like that, and was much better spent chatting with a friend of mine while he applied a buzzing needle to my leg.

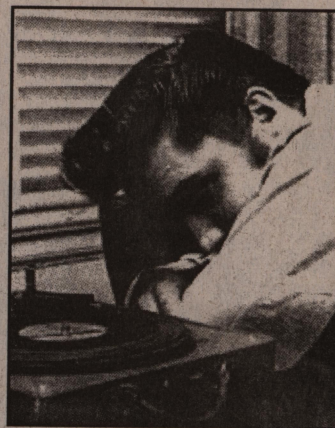
So, within a twenty-four hour space of uncovering an interesting tattoo design at my brother's place, I was face-down on the big chair staring at multiple pictures of Elvis (because no local tattooist has more love for the King than Jeff), and blowing my Mr. Noodles ration money getting the four card suits running down my right calf. A worthy cause, all in all, and thankfully it looked good, because even if it was done in a fit

of passion, it wasn't a Tasmanian Devil or a wizard groping a half-naked barbarian woman or anything. Plus, I had figured out why I had done it, and thought long and hard about the sub-conscious reasoning so that if and when the situation ever arose again, I would be better able to make an informed and rational decision on the matter.

Flash forward to a couple of weeks ago. The possibility of a posh job in New York raised by a corporate headhunting company raised its head and promptly put my life on hold for a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, the subplot I was living in was running out at the end of the month and I had no idea where I was moving or what was going on in my life. Good job or no? Decent apartment or cardboard box? There were no easy answers, so after a period of informed deliberation I went

work done for a while, because it's true what they say - after your first one you start looking at your body as empty space. But, in my heart of hearts, I

knew what the deep and prodding inner reason was and I gave into it anyway. I marched my ass down, plunked it in the chair and forked over cash money to have some nice artwork embedded in my leg because I was feeling insecure about the future.



A worthy cause, all in all, and thankfully it looked good, because even if it was done in a fit of passion, it wasn't a Tasmanian Devil or a wizard groping a half-naked barbarian woman or anything.

out, bit the bullet and got my other calf filled up with unleaded. I knew full-well what my reasoning was this time around. "Chris," I said to myself, "you're just doing this, because you don't know what direction your life's going in. It's not because you like the design necessarily or that you just happen to think it's that time again,"

which I actually did on both counts. I had been eyeing the design for a while, discreetly pilfered from my favorite comic *Stray Bullets*, and I had been thinking about getting more

Still, I can only get so many more tattoos for that reason. I figure that I'll probably move away, from the city again at some point, and I trust only one man with the responsibility of sticking ink-filled needles under my skin. You really enter into a kind of sacred trust with your artist, since for good or ill you'll be walking around with their artwork adorning you for the rest of your life ... unless you want to pay for the prohibitively expensive laser surgery or know another artist that's particularly skilled at cover-ups. Also, being insecure only takes you so far. I've had four moderately small designs done so far (on my back calves and upper arms) and so what's next

is probably sleeves or artwork surrounding my previous designs which will require no small amount of pre-meditation and will probably end up being more than a one-hour job.

And in the long run, it's not like any reason is more or less valid than another. Right now, I get them when my life is beyond my control, but that wasn't my first reason and it probably won't be my last; one of my friends gets tattooed and starts smoking when he's at a point of total control, because there's no one around to tell him not to; some people get them as personal rights of passage; others to commemorate a portion of their life; but I think you'll find, if you asked the vast majority of people, that most of us get them so we can hang around at Big Bad John's and look mean.

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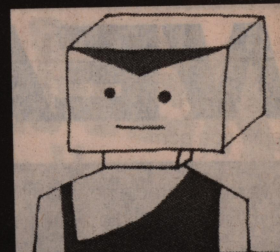
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Robot Blues: wonky wiener waggler

I like to give people nicknames. Nicknames have an immediate sense of familiarity. I have had a few nicknames in my life. Some were suitable, some were not. Some suited me, some others certainly did not. The worst suited nickname I've ever had is Sugar. Of all the condiments/spices/baking ingredients I ever could be, sugar is the most far off. Salt maybe, as in salt in a wound. Or some obscure, pretty shitty tasting spice, that would be me. Of all the regular hot dog condiments I would have to say I was mustard, or raw onions. Not fried onions, not friendly, sweet red ketchup, certainly not picky sweet shiny green relish. "Sugar Sung" they called me for a short time. It was a DJ name that came to life, I wanted to be called Eggz with a "z." Sugar is sweet. I'm too butch to be sweet like sugar. I don't WANT to be this butch! In fact my friend Strawz insists I am the farthest from butch she's ever seen in her life. (Strawz got her nickname upon seeing a box of straws, and us agreeing that it would surely be an excellent nickname). I think of myself as butch sometimes because I have naturally big shoulders and arms. Naturally, I say, cause I don't do a damn thing to get them into the tough shape they are in! I swear it! Thus, only, little boy t-shirts look good on me. Little girl t-shirts make me look like, well, a butch trying to squeeze her butchy ass into a powder puff lil girl t-shirt. Those ass-thin, flitty girls can wear the powder puff lil girl t-shirt. Ah, leave it to them, the flits. Another nickname I had was when I was very young, my oldest sister called me, of all things, Butchae! Actually, it is only right this instant that I see the connection between the above babble and this crazy nickname! (Maybe it was her, my oldest sister, who made me turn into a lesbian for two years!) Okay, Butchae became a song, a secret door knock. Then the name "naturally" evolved into Boosh. Finally, the third step in this nickname, I was called Wiener for a few years. I actually responded to Wiener! What kind of a goddamn idiot...anyway, my newest and latest nickname is suitable, and I like it. Robot. Of course, I was all over this robot business before all these crazy hipster indie bands started going all electronic and naming their songs robot-this-and-robot-that. In my childhood bedroom there lies a special art project that I created when I was young. A robot made out of boxes and tin foil, the ones we all made in the wake of E.T. Except mine has on an apron with a pink ribbon, has large Tammy Faye Baker eyelashes and attached to its arm by a flimsy green yarn is a WOODEN SPOON. I made a domestic robot. What kind of a retarded little child. Anyway, today some people call me Robot. Ever notice how nicknames morph into other nicknames, just because it happens to sound a little bit like another name? Robot, Root Beer, Robie. Sungbot is a beautiful hybrid of the real name and the nickname. Sungbot becomes Sungbutt thanks to a certain friend named Strawz. One thing I LOATHE is when I meet somebody, and after ten minutes of our acquaintance they start calling me "Linz" or however you want to spell it. Nobody in hell's bells calls me "Linz." This is not the correct way to fake comradery with another human, people. Now, to finish this article off, I will now relay to you some nicknames I have created for others, as I am very fond of creating them. Crazy Nuts, Meex Le Twizz, Robbie Robertson, Timbo Tombo, Kirkles. Maybe one day I will make one up for you. Chances are I already have.



Love, Sungbutt

THINGS YOU CAN DO IN TOWN THIS MONTH.

BLONDE REDHEAD. Two twins and a Japanese girl...does life get any better? Of course they're two twins. They are twins, after all. Life does get better, cause not only are Blonde Redhead cute but they are one of the coolest and innovative bands in the ol' indie scene these days. They're playing in support of their latest album, *A Melody Of Certain Damaged Lemons*, Sept 7 at everybody's favorite strip joint, The Icehouse. Take a chance on life and treat your ears to some sonic innovation.

ANTIMATTER is chock full of underground film and video to appeal to all the freaks, geeks and horny people in this goddamn town. We wrote our "picks" (but you really shouldn't trust us assholes) in this issue, you can find them on a page. Which one, I can't recall.

AMP is the new dope-sick thing to do in town, on Wednesday nights at ye olde Steamers Pub. Video and projected film rear their interesting heads on the AMP musical players, featuring members of Eep Opp Orp and other guests. A good start to a cool thing—we suggest even more different visuals (obscure 1950s black and white movies! Play *Liquid Sky!* Gay porn, etc.), and more ambience—candles on the tables, strips of ethereal fabric on the walls, naked ladies walking around.)

GROTTOMEN!! Some Offbeat kids went to see David Barclay and Thee Royal Society, only to miss his set, but instead we were treated to the craziest high school lead singer starring in The Grottomen!! R&B rock and roll, The Stones, The Kingsmen, The Who. High-energy band, hope they play again soon. They played at the Fairfield Hall, an uptown new all ages venue. Cool.

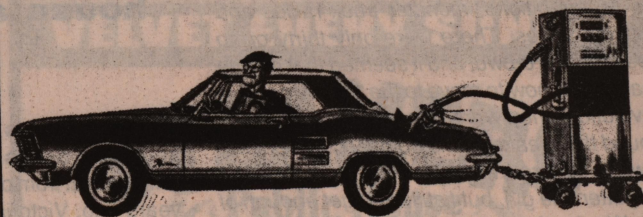
DISCO NIGHT at NEPTUNE (Store St) happens on Monday nights. Wear your dad's disco duds. **GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR.** Oh, the kids will be out in full force for this one. Legends is the place and Oct.25 is the date (so wonderfully close to Halloween!) Named after a Japanese experimental film, this Montreal ensemble with knock your socks off with their haunting, high-drama music for the (scenester) masses. Man, I write like a royal ass.

BURNING SPEAR. Super-famous reggae group will be in the house (in Victoria, actually) playing at everybody's favorite ex-Forge Nite Club, Legends at the Strathcona Hotel. Sept.17.

ALL AGES SHOWS happen all the time, usually at THE LITTLE FERNWOOD, put on by Chronic Knot, Diminutive Revolution and others—call 370-PUNX for updates. **G-SPOT** is the ticket for lezzies, dykes, queers, the bi people and trannies. If you don't know what any of those are, you probably shouldn't be going there unless invited. 382-SPOT for info.

If ya think we'll be down with your listing, fax it to 721-7111 or email offbeat@cfuv.uvic.ca

GAS MOLLY UP AND DRIVE HER!



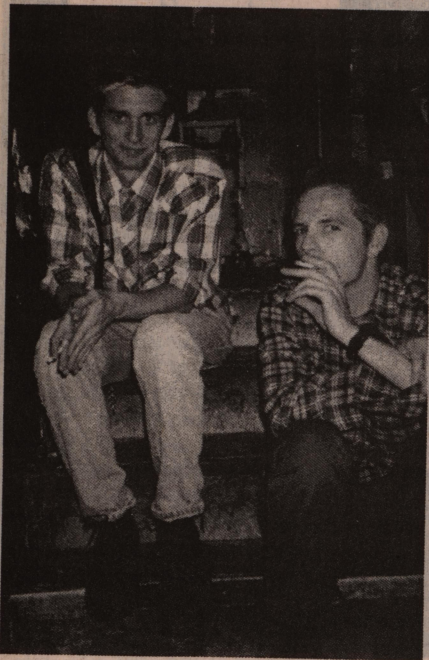
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WEAKERTHANS



By Tim Lawrence

The first time I heard the Weakerthans was the first time I saw them play. Two and a half years ago I drove my motorcycle through thirty minutes of damp fall Saskatchewan highway to see a band I had never heard before, because a girl I liked was going. They were playing in a small banquet room inside an arena, well known for its agri-bitions, monster truck rallies and hockey games. There were only thirty or so people to the crowd, and it seemed that no one really knew how to move to the "poetry positive revolution" they were hearing—a mellow rock sound the Weakerthans humbly call "honest." It was a cold solo ride home that night. I've long forgotten the girl, but I still can't get enough of the Weakerthans. I got a chance to speak with John P. Sutton and John K. Samsom at their recent performance in Vancouver in support of their long-awaited second album, *Left And Leaving*.

OFFBEAT: I've read that you don't see yourselves as fitting in to any particular musical genre but rather you describe your music as honest. What do you mean by honest?

John P Sutton: I think since we have now been labelled as an honest band we have to somewhat defend that. I guess it simply means that we don't really restrict ourselves to any set one standard one style of music. We get together and play songs that just kind of come out of us. Johnny writes sweet lyrics and we put music

to it and what you get is what you get. We don't sit there and say lets make this one sound like Slayer or something. We're just kind of all over the place because of that and yet we're pretty focused on a sound that I guess would be called our own, but at the same time it's just a couple guitars, a bass and a drummer playing some rock and roll songs, honest rock and roll.

Winnipeg—the city and the community—seems to be a huge part of your music. How do you feel it has shaped your musical identity?

JK: Well we all played bands in Winnipeg. We've all lived there for awhile and most of us live there now. I think just the place you're from influences you in a lot of ways and I guess we've chosen to concentrate on that a little more than some people do. Maybe just cause the fact that it's a really transient city but there is a really vibrant community.

JP: I think also the fact that Winnipeg is kind of secluded from a lot of other places, people just get together and play and go see their friends play and sooner or later friends of other friends meet and start new bands and it's just a whole bunch of people playing music. It's all pretty fun and pretty simple in Winnipeg.

"I think being in a band and doing what we're doing is important. We're doing something different and creative. We're not in a situation where we feel the pressure of working for the government or buying a house and a dog and a family or whatever people buy."

Winnipeg stands out as having a lot of fresh sounding bands.

JK: I get that from other cities. About six or seven years ago, Victoria was the city that I thought had that for sure, and Calgary to a point has a ton of cool bands and so many people into it. Maybe Winnipeg just has a tighter community. It's hard to say.

Everybody always seems to hate the hometown bands—have you ever had this problem?

JK: We just don't play there that often. We do pretty well there actually, we just did two nights for our record release, and there were three hundred people each night. We accomplish that by not playing there very often. The local bands who play once a month seem to get on people's nerves.

What are some other good bands you see coming out of Winnipeg?

JK: There's this new band called The Paperbacks with Doug McLean from the Bonaduces, it's gonna be super.

JP: There's another new band called Projector with Jamil who used to play in the Kittens, he's singing and playing guitar and it's quite mellow and pretty.

Back to the music. You convey in your poetry the sense of loneliness and despair familiar to the prairies. Can you describe this for a west coast audience?

JK: I think loneliness is the pretty common currency everywhere and your surroundings gives you a specific brand of it. *Left and Leaving* is a record about trying to reach other people and I think that it can apply anywhere. It's just about paying attention to your own surroundings and the effect you have on your own community.

What do you mean by "trying to reach people?"

JK: I think it's about trying to tell other people stories and sometimes failing and sometimes succeeding but recognizing that stories are important and that people's lives are worthy of being spoken of. And that success and failure in

that and it's really impossible to do but to keep trying is the most important thing in life.

What was high school like for you?

JK: Hell. I hated it.

JP: The only good thing about high school was hard rock music. The Novas. I had a small group of friends that liked two things: BMX and Iron Maiden. I didn't really leave that circle of friends and when I did the world was much too big for me.

Okay, out of curiosity, what are your top three movies of the moment?

JK: I liked *Magnolia*. I love the soundtrack. *Manhattan*. And I like *Underground*.

JP: *Underground*?

JK: Ever see that movie? It's like a Serbian movie, it's really good. Those are my three picks this week. John, how about you?

JP: My three picks...*His Girl Friday*. Also I've

been on a Frank Capra kick lately: *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, movies like that are so good. I also loved *Magnolia*. There's a great movie I saw recently called *The Color of Paradise*, an Iranian movie. It was absolutely beautiful.

Did you like *Fight Club*?

JK: No, didn't like it. Well it was weird, it was something to talk about.

JP: It's a bit strange, went on too long. It's kind of a weird way to glorify schizophrenia, but Brad Pitt sure does look good.

JK: He looks great in that movie. I think there's some weird fascistic undertones to it. I admit I had a good time while I was watching it. It made me think.

John K, you are the co-founder of Arbeiter Ring Publishing. Can you tell me what it's all about?

JK: It was started four years ago, and we publish books. Primarily leftist propaganda and some fiction, some cultural studies. It's what I do with my day. My day job.

Anything prolific you've published recently?

JK: We published a short fiction book by a woman from Victoria named Alissa York. She just won the Journey prize for the most promising writer under thirty in Canada. I'm really excited about it, it's called *Any Given Power*. We published it almost a year ago but it's still quite new. We're doing a book on a filmmaker named Guy Madden in the fall and a book on workplace safety. Two totally different books. We hope to do more...we've done nine or ten now.

Do you think leftist political self-discovery is originally a hard step to take?

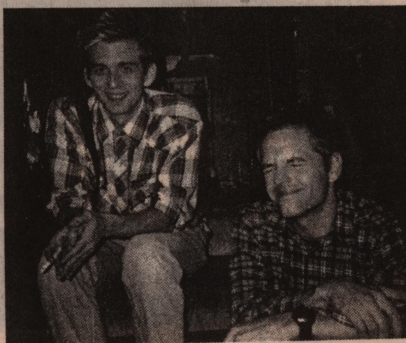
JK: Sure, you can feel really isolated. That's why I feel that dissemination of information is so important. If not for the actual politics than just for the idea that someone is out there. That there's other little pockets of hope somewhere.

Is that why the personal move to the publishing company?

JK: Yeah, I think so, yeah. I think the written word is still the primary means of shaping our culture and I wanted to be involved in that.

JP: I think being in a band and doing what we're doing is also important. We're not just filing into the expected life—we're doing something different and creative. We're not in a situation where we feel the pressure of working for the government or buying a house and a dog and a family or whatever people buy.

JK: People don't buy families. We're just keeping our options open.



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Morcheeba

By Zeta Lay

My initial response to hearing Morcheeba's new album *Fragments of Freedom* was that it is **very** different from their debut *Who Can You Trust?* and their second release, *Big Calm*. It's a pop album. And to say the least, I felt that even *Big Calm* was fairly pop in flavour anyhow. So what changed the band's music from a melancholic/mellow trip hop sound to a pop 'just having fun' with old skool rap, funk, and disco album?

"Life," says Skye Edwards, the vocalist for the band.

None of the them had travelled a lot, Edwards herself had never been to America. When the band first started up she was living in little one bedroom flat. The band was writing all through touring *Who Can You Trust?* and *Big Calm*. Just through the experience of being on the road and on tour, Edwards' singing got stronger and she was able to build more dimensions within it.

Paul Godfrey (producer/turntablist/lyricist...and more for Morcheeba) got married and had a baby. Life in general has gotten happier, so of course this would affect the kind of album they would make. And as Edwards puts it, "It wouldn't have been very creative if we had made the same kind of album and it wouldn't have given any longevity to our music or to our music careers."

The touring had a great effect on all the band members's lives and their music. When they returned to Britain, they came back extremely exhausted and simply burned out.

"Travelling away from home, family, and friends, and being thrown on a bus with ten people in a small space isn't easy," says Edwards.

Having to kiss up to record companies obviously can be taxing too. It was also just the crazy schedule of the tour that took so much out of them. Plus, she had her two kids on the road with her. Parenting in itself can be crazy and exhausting (in a rewarding way, of course). When Edwards came home she had to buy a microwave because she had forgotten how to cook. Being a musician lost its glamour, and everyday life didn't seem to exist.

As Edwards puts it, "you lose touch with real-

ity." This isn't to suggest that there weren't wonderful things about touring. As mentioned before Edwards had never been to America and "you get to meet weird and wonderful people and play some great shows." But, touring was like being "a door to door salesman, only it's country to country."

Normal life does exist though, and Edwards has moved into a house near the sea, where she can take her two children to the beach and just live. Certainly, after the tour this was a much deserved breather.

It also seems that there is a balance to be had between a music career and home life. The band recently got a new manager, or as Edwards puts it, "a proper manager."

"Our other manager was a 'yes' man"; their lives were run by the record companies. If they didn't want to do something, the record companies would continue to pressure the band. For example, the band was asked to do a live acoustic performance for a radio station in Germany. The record companies said if they didn't do it they wouldn't get a radio spot but, Morcheeba turned it down because they had never done an acoustic performance and they didn't really have enough time to rehearse.

With the band's upcoming tour, they won't be starting until the end of September so that Edwards can be with her five-year old son when he first starts school. Paul isn't going on the road, he wants to be home with his new child, but is finding an excellent replacement. The schedule isn't as hectic either: two weeks on the road, a week and a half off. And they are getting all their promotions done early so that they don't have to worry about it when touring. The band can just focus on the rehearsals and hopefully the extra time can allow for more creativity instead of all the promotion.

The efforts in trying to find a more balanced lifestyle also extended into the making of *Fragments of Freedom*. After having some time off they were able to come back to the studio with more enthusiasm and vigour.

Compared to the making of their other albums

Now, with the pop issue. With the whole feeling of finding balance and having fun with the music, the band wanted to recapture the "good" pop from the 70's, because Edwards said "there was good pop music."

Edwards said "this time it was a lot more relaxed atmosphere." Paul and Peter Godfrey (the co-producer), "were less stoned", which makes a difference. They recorded in the day, whereas before they had always recorded at night. For Edwards this gave her a chance to learn the songs and be with them, rather than "just read them."

Now, with the pop issue. With the whole feeling of finding balance and having fun with the music, the band wanted to recapture the "good" pop from the 70's, because Edwards said "there was good pop music." The band also couldn't have produced an album like this before. Edwards said "we were all more mellow and shy and not as confident" and, "Paul is now much more confident in his production skills." They wanted to produce something less wishy-washy, something cleaner. Edwards, along with her band mates, realize there is a bit of a stigma attached to "pop" music.

"When people hear 'pop' they think Britney Spears," she says. (What a perfect example of a manufactured, plastic, artist, which she isn't really because she doesn't write her own music, to define 'pop'. A young woman that is 'supposed' to represent the young popular female masses who is merely the epitome of old men's wet dreams of infantile girls.)

But the band is trying to reclaim 'pop' as a good word. They're also not blind to the fact that most people were expecting a *Big Calm 2* but that wouldn't have been very interesting now, would it. So if you're expecting a *Big Calm 2* or something similar to their older stuff you're not going to find it on *Fragments of Freedom*. It is pop but the sound is clean, the collaborations are nicely put together. Edwards' voice is beautiful as ever. Innovative wouldn't really be the first word to come to mind. But, if you approach it from a 'pop, feel good music' stance, it's not so bad. It's kinda fun, with the rap, disco and funk elements, but it lacks substance or texture. It's superficial and simplified to the point of sounding boring.

Aqua Fresh #18

by gareth kyle
JULY 2000



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wednesdays

thursdays

fridays

saturdays

ANTIMATTER FILM FEST!!

BY LYNDSEY SUNG

I saw Amy Heckerling's (*Clueless*, *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*) latest movie the other night with my two best friends. It's called *Loser*. It stars two of today's hottest teen stars: the chubby, baby-faced goon (Jason something or other) from *American Pie* and the temptress of an old man's dink in *American Beauty*, Mena Suvari. Chubby baby face, now gaunt-faced, floppy haired small town hick, gets a scholarship to New York to study school. Mena Suvari "plays" a goth-alternative "smart" girl, the apple of the hick's eye, who is having an affair with an older professor. Mena Suvari has NO BUSINESS calling herself an actor. NO BUSINESS. Two words for Mena Suvari: BABY TEETH. She is from the school of Baby Teeth, much like fellow Mini Incisor Meg Ryan. As far as acting, Suvari is from the School Of Winona Ryder, that is, a hollow, vapid bag of wood chips. She whines in this movie, whines with a squeak. I guess she's trying to be a strong, assertive feminist woman but she just comes across looking like a whiny little child hooker with...baby teeth.

My question regarding this entire dismal piece of shit-sucking moving imagery is: how does this sort of shit stinking movie get made? There is not one funny scene in this movie, nor is there a touching scene, nor a romantic scene. I had to close my eyes when the two UGLY main characters finally entwined in a big nose into small squirrel mouthed french kiss. Did I mention also that there's a sentimental scene in which Hick and B.T. save a mucous sac covered just-born kitten? No, didn't have to mention it. Cinematic gold, people. Cinematic gold coins. In other news, Antimatter, the world's coolest film fest of underground short film and video, is happening in town this month from Sept 15 to 24. Cheap to attend and good to watch, Antimatter is one of the few cool things that Victoria can call its own. You should go. I'll go with you.

VICTORIA PREMIERE!



CINECENTA

Tue-Thurs, Sept 19-21 7:15 & 9:00
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www.uvss.uvic.ca/cinecenta

Hello. These are Offbeat's Hot Treats and Cool Teats at Antimatter. Please join us in enjoying the following films and programs: **Rape Of The Arthropods**. A Super 8 about sex-crazed crustaceans. Animated! **The Night Sweats** program, featuring Maria Beatty's **Ladies Of The Night** (Les Vampyres). Beatty is a lesbian feminist fetish SM filmmaker. Her works are stylized and lurid. Two of her films' soundtracks were done by John Zorn (you may remember him from such groups as Masada. You little experimental geek you). Her films have been shown at the Museum Of Modern Art, the Centre Audiovisuel Simone de Beauvoir and the Whitney Museum in New York. Also **Divided Into Zero**, a horror story on the life of a violent pedophile, containing "very disturbing visual imagery," sez the folks at Antimatter. Looking good too is the latest edition to the fest, part of **Foreign Matter**, starring Latin America. The program is called **Mari-golds**. **S&M in the Hood, Boys Suck** (Told through the eyes of a five year old girl, Suck makes us re-examine the impact seemingly innocent gender acts might have on the rest of your life—Antimatter guide) and **Un Sueno de Michoacan** look real good. Program X looks both horny

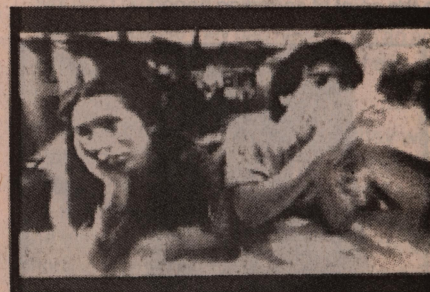


and weird. **Deep Africa** has been called "equally crude, sleazy and funny" by ol' *Bizarre* magazine, the black and white still from **The B-Reel** was enough to make Randy Gelling go "Holy shit I am going to that one"—short hair, bare ass on chair, Gelling's fave. Also part of **Foreign Matter** is **East Meets West**, the new generation of filmmakers from the Czech Republic and Slovakia. **Test** is Jan Svankmajer's (Alice, Faust) son Vaclav's experimental "homage to the filmmaker's famous father mixing surrealism with cyberpunk." Shit though, he's probably sick of his father being mentioned every time he gets any props. Don't miss the opportunity to see the films at Antimatter. You will **NEVER GET TO SEE THEM AGAIN, ANYWHERE. EVER.** PS, there are tons more films to see. Check the Antimatter guide for details.

ME LIKEY MOYIE! BY LYNDSEY SUNG

Me likey two movie I just rent. *Fallen Angels* actually Randy lent to me *Fallen Angels*. Wong Kar Wai make it. He real good. He got certain style reel good. Velly cute Chinese peepo in his movies, *Fallen Angels* very Hong Kong sexee, also

Chungking Express real good. *Chungking Express* about two different story come together through fast food. Hot dog, fish and chip, coke. They sell at Express, peepo meet through this place, Ronery peepo, they find each other in a way. Velly nice style, Wong Kar Wai do. Bleak, neon lights. Fast food and fast cars. Reds, yellow. Blue and green. Music play large part in his movie. Whole songs play out in real time, characters live and breathe through music. The writing reel good in his movies. Velly funny. Me didn't think Chinese this funnie... cuz I can't understand language. Just see dem as dirty restaurant owners, filthy cockroach don't eat there restaurants and laundries, or reel smart mathematicians. They talk funny, loud, crass short syllables, funny intonations. Who knew Chinese so smart, funny, stylish as Wong Kar Wai films? Bye for now, I go eat chop suey.



July
&
Aug
20
00

The
City
Chart

TM	LM	Artist	Title	Label
1	-	Blonde Redhead	<i>Melody Of Certain Damaged Lemons</i>	Touch & Go
2	1	Jurassic 5	<i>Quality Control</i>	Interscope
3	-	Oval	<i>Ovalprocess</i>	Thrill Jockey
4	-	Mice Parade	<i>Collaborations</i>	Bubble Core
5	- *	Zubot & Dawson	<i>Tractor Parts</i>	Black Hen
6	28	Arab Strap	<i>Mad For Sadness</i>	Jetset
7	- +	Blue Pine	<i>Blue Pine</i>	Global Symphonic
8	4	Amon Tobin	<i>Supermodified</i>	Ninja Tune
9	RE+	Carolyn Mark	<i>Party Girl</i>	Mint
10	2	Dilated Peoples	<i>The Platform</i>	Capitol
11	-	Towa Tei	<i>Last Century Modern</i>	East West/Warner
12	-	The Spoozys	<i>Astral Astronauts</i>	Jetset
13	-	Shannon Wright	<i>Maps Of Tacit</i>	Quarterstick
14	-	Air	<i>Virgin Suicides Soundtrack</i>	Astralwerks
15	- *	Mean Red Spiders	<i>Stars & Sons</i>	Teenage USA
16	- *	Twilight Circus Dub...	<i>Dub Voyage</i>	M Records
17	RE*	Kid Koala	<i>Carpal Tunnel Syndrome</i>	Ninja Tune
18	-	William Parker	<i>Painter Spring</i>	Thirsty Ear
19	-	Various	<i>Sonig Compilation</i>	Sonig/Thrill Jockey
20	3 *	Buck 65	<i>Vertex</i>	4 Ways To Rock
21	- *	Kinnie Starr	<i>Tune Up</i>	Violet Inch
22	18 +	Melody Wey	<i>Cool Struttin</i>	Independent
23	15	Bebel Gilberto	<i>Tanto Tempo</i>	6 Degrees
24	5	Bedhead/Macha	<i>Bedhead Loves Macha</i>	Jetset
25	- *	The Weakerthans	<i>Left & Leaving</i>	G-7 Welcoming Comm.
26	-	Wax Poetic	<i>Wax Poetic</i>	Atlantic
27	-	The Angel	<i>Boiler Room Soundtrack</i>	New Line
28	-	The Allies	<i>D-Day</i>	Ashpodel
29	-	Blackalicious	<i>Nia</i>	Mo Wax
30	- *	Tomas Jirku	<i>Variants</i>	Alien8

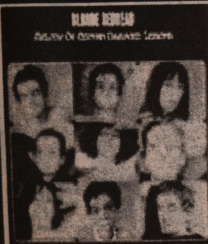
+ local artist

* Canadian

RE re-entry to the chart

Music Director: Geraldine Bulosan. Chart compiled by me too! Ranking is based on weekly airplay charts for CFUV FM 101.9

chart feature



#1 this month!

Blonde Redhead

A Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons
Touch & Go

After their first, Sonic Youth-influenced debut, this Japanese-Italian trio has grown organically away from their sources and developed into a very oblique, angular and abrasive noise/art rock jamboree. *A Melody of Certain Damaged Lemons* finds the group turning toward a more understated, ballad-style but while still maintaining an undercurrent of schizoid tension. Their show at the Icehouse on September 7th should be one of best rock shows this year in Victoria, but be prepared for their peel-the-walls sonic intensity.

Randy Gelling

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so what's the deal? are you going to let another issue go by devoid of your sparkling wit among the illustrious pages of offbeat magazine? yeah, sure you're busy and got better stuff to worry about. but nobody's got more problems than the kitty right here, so really, you have all the time in the world for us, now don't you?

CFUV & OFFBEAT MAGAZINE



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DIALECTALS:

CFUV 101.9 FM

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

Listen in Real Audio
<http://cfuv.uvic.ca>

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

Say it loud! Yell it proud! CFUV is your best friend!!! Or at least we are going to be! Many changes have happened at the 'FUV over the summer, and we're just aching to share the news. For one, we're really, really excited to change the look of this fancy rag you're holding! CFUV's program guide will take center stage and be displayed in all its glory in the center of every issue. Bet a lot of you didn't know that Offbeat is REALLY CFUV's monthly program guide and entertainment magazine! The center fold now allows you to rip out the beast and placate it on the center of your fridge. Low and behold, you'll now know what your ears are missing every time your reach for a soda! And boy oh boy, we have some dandy programs on the schedule! The plethora of goodies at your right is rich in not only a vast array of music, but stinkin' hot in public affairs and multicultural programming! We take pride in being Victoria's campus and community radio station, providing a voice for those not normally heard through the mainstream filters many have grown accustomed. Although my sales pitch isn't directed at you! It's directed at those beside you reading the Conrad Black perspective... Give them a nudge... I dare you! Show them what they're missing. Challenge them to tune in to that third side of the story... In fact I challenge each and every one of you who wear CFUV on your sleeve for the month, tell all your friends and neighbors about us, keep

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
6	ZIG ZAG OPEN FORMAT	THE HEAVY EARLY PROGRAM OPEN FORMAT	UNCLE BRI'S EARLY AM FUNHOUSE WACKY	RAZOR RIMMED COFFEE CUP OPEN FORMAT	TBA	SMOKER'S COUGH OPEN FORMAT
7	SONIC CAFE OPEN FORMAT					
8	UNIVERSAL DONOR WORLD/ROOTS	ROOTOPIA/ SHARON'S SUNSHINE BREAKFAST FOLK	ACOUSTIC CREEK FOLK	COASTAL CEILIDH FOLK	RADIO ARCADIA/ PLANET FOLK FOLK	VOICE ETHIOPIA
9						YUGOSLAVIAN
10	MUSIC ON MONDAY CLASSICAL	REWARDING RECORDINGS CLASSICAL	MUSIC THROUGH THE CENTURIES CLASSICAL	AMADEUS... & MORE CLASSICAL	SOITELLAAN FINNISH	POLISH
11		JUST SAY NONO 20TH CENTURY			RHYTHMS OF INDIA	ITALIAN BROAD CASTING SYSTEM
12	PROFIT? NOT! PUBLIC AFFAIRS	CHILDREN OF THE EARTH TAP IN/INTO THE STREETS	GENETIC ENGINEERINGS	TBA	IRISH	
1	THIS WAY OUT MAKING CONTACT	ZARA BIZARRA'S SOUNDWORLD OPEN FORMAT	FRESH AIR NEW DJ ROTATION	ARTLET ARTS MAGAZINE	THE GREEK HOUR	POSTALES MUSALES LATIN
2	SCANDINAVIAN HOUR	CHINA MIKE'S SWAMP JAZZ CULTURAL HOUR	FOREVER YOUNG SENIORS	UNRESERVED NATIVE	SOUNDS OF SCOTLAND	GUITAR JAZZ JAZZ
3	LOUD, FAST & OUT OF CONTROL ROCK A BILLY/R&B	JUST ANOTHER RANT OPEN FORMAT	ELECTRIC DIALECTICS /ELECTIC DIAL-A-MATRIX ELECTRONICA	PMS SHOW/ THE MANSION PUNK	SKANKSTER'S PARADISE SKA	DISCIPLES OF DR. DEMENTO METAL
4	TBA	AUDIO VISUALIZATIONS STORYTIME	30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO OPEN FORMAT		HILLBILLY HEAVEN COUNTRY	

your tuner to 101.9 FM and open your ears to all that you hear. You'll be amazed, you'll be ashamed, and maybe even a wee blush from those beautiful cheeks will peak out now and again. Our goal is to challenge and entertain!

We have been rolling up our sleeves over the summer to prepare for the year ahead, forming alliances with many groups and organizations in the community. Loads of LIVE! entertainment in the upcoming months will be brought to you by yours truly! Bands, poetry, films, lectures, VIKES basketball broadcasts.... there is no end to where you'll see us next! Pick up a copy of the VIKES schedule to find out dates and times of those games CFUV will broadcast LIVE!

CFUV welcomes students back in fashion as we broadcast LIVE throughout "Week of Welcome" and the month of September. The University of Victoria Students' Society have lined up some great bands and BBQs for all to enjoy. Tune in for details.

CFUV is delighted to form alliances with Cinecenta, sponsoring a selection of films every month. Tune into our dial and you could be the proud winner of free tickets, soundtracks, and more! Infact, why not stimulate your soundtrack sensibilities every Tuesday night and tune in to "Movie Trax" at 9:00pm. For those first 5 people just raring to get in on the action, bring in the latest issue of the Cinecenta schedule, ask for Peig, spout off the list of films CFUV is sponsoring and two free tickets to Cinecenta are yours!!! For those that don't get in under the #5 mark, come in anyway -- I promise you won't leave empty handed! Remember, we have a little something, 'something' for everyone here at the 'FUV!

COMING UP...

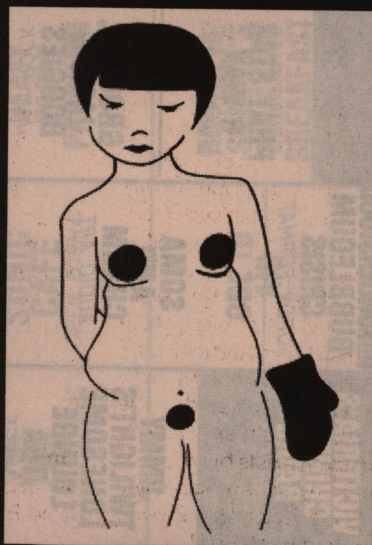
FUNDRIVE 2000!!!
October 13th - 22nd

5	GUERRILLA RADIO PUBLIC AFFAIRS	CARAVAN IMPROV & AVANT-GARDE	TOKEN ZONE WOMEN OF COLOUR	BLACK & TAN FANTASY AFRICAN-AMERICAN	SOUNDCHECK SKA/SURF/PUNK	FRENCH	MAH HADASH! JEWISH MUSIC	5
6	MILE STONES/ JAZZIN' IN B-FLAT JAZZ	JUMPIN' IN JAZZ EARLY JAZZ	STRAIGHT, NO CHASER JAZZ	OUTSIDE LOOKING IN JAZZ	SEARCHIN' / ECLECTIC JAZZ SHOW JAZZ	UVIC SCHOOL OF MUSIC CLASSICAL	WOMEN ON AIR WOMEN'S ISSUES	6
7						ALIVE & DREAD REGGAE	IN THE MOOD JAZZ	7
8	GIRLS NIGHT IN QUEER WOMEN	BOOKLIT	LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL RHYTHM & BLUES	NEW ALBUM REVIEW	SAD & BEAUTIFUL WORLD SPOKEN WORD PERFORMANCE			8
9	BEATING TIME WOMEN IN MUSIC	MOVIE TRAX SOUNDTRACKS & SCORES		EARMEALS ELECTRONIC & EXPERIMENTAL	IN THE SHADOWS HIP HOP	BOOM SHAK ATTACK DUB & DOWNTempo	SOLUTIONS PUBLIC AFFAIRS	9
10			FRANCO MAGAZINE FRENCH	AREA OF REFUGE / SOUNDS OF SKUNK PUNK	ESCAPE VELOCITY TECHNO	SUB ZERO HIP HOP	THE FISH SHOW OPEN FORMAT	10
11	VICTORIA'S CHINESE RADIO CHINESE	SONGS FOR THE MISUNDERSTOOD / BUBBLEGUM CRISIS OPEN FORMAT	PHAT STAX O WAX HIP HOP	ENERGY FLASH ELECTRONIC DANCE	A.M. RADIO OPEN FORMAT			11
12		SOMA AND CHARM AUDIO ART	GROOVES, JAMS & BOOGIES JAM ROCK		LAST DAYS OF PLANET EARTH OPEN FORMAT	GARAGE GROOVES GARAGE ROCK	TBA	12
1	JIMMY TWILIGHT'S LONESOME LOUNGE /TBA LOUNGE					LONGHAIR'S JUKEBOX OPEN FORMAT		1
2								2
3			FIVE RINGS OF SPUN FUN OPEN FORMAT					3
4	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	THE FINAL HOURS OF WEDNESDAY NIGHT SPOKEN WORD	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	4
5								5

SPOKEN WORD

MULTICULTURAL

polka dot. by lindsay



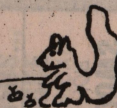
2000



saucy jack, a special kind of squirrel. An extra bushy tail, and a gleam in his rodent eye...



the cats hated him and plotted his execution. he was too damn cute. smug bastard.



one day a housewife in a suburban ran him over.



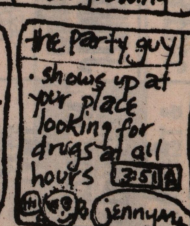
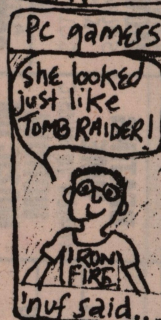
the moral of the story: you have ENEMIES EVERYWHERE, not just the cats.

GUYS NOT WORTH dating... MTJ

Mr 1988



- MID 80's MUSCLE CAR
- GYM PANTS W/ TACKY PRINT
- HART FOUNDATION SUNGLASSES



next month: guys who look safe on the surface but aren't...

Email us at offbeat@cfuv.vvic.ca for the chance to win

1 of 5 copies of

the Baby Blue Soundcrew

featuring Kid Kut, Singlefoot, C-Boogie,

Kardinal Offishall, Saukrates, Q-Tip, Jay-Z and more

Snatch

Judy MacInnes Jr.
Anvil Press

Snatch is dirty pillows, coffee breath. Cigarettes and 7-Eleven. Soiled panties and the smell of paint. It's down and out in Surrey B.C.

Snatch is a new, neon-colored little book by a young writer named Judy MacInnes. The back cover features a photo of Judy; her writing is very much a part of her photo, in a way. It's a suburbia-wearied look. You can tell she's an ex-mall victim—fuzzy leopard jacket, blond highlights, thicks of hair framing her baby-cute face, black cat eyeliner, a gold heart falling from a thin strand necklace. The writing style reminds me a lot of the cartoonist and writer Lynda Barry. The same kind of funny but sad style, with childlike observations of growing up too fast when you didn't want to, but something adult, something sad or scary, pushed you along the way. Girl culture, suburban misery, sex, death, love and romance, all the themes are explored here. "Birdland" is a love hate relationship with the city of Surrey: "Surrey is a swizzle stick. Is drive-ins and teen pregnancy. Ditches, slugs, expansion." "Clinking Glasses" is two sentences on loneliness. I read *Snatch*, the whole thing, at the movie theater, when I went home for the weekend. I didn't feel like calling my Vancouver friends so I went by myself. *Snatch* seemed to be the perfect comfort at that moment.

Lyndsay Sung

Genius of Place: Writing About British Columbia

David Stouck & Myler Wilkinson, ed.
Polestar

Last year, Polestar published a unique and quite wonderful anthology of short fiction, entitled *West by Northwest: British Columbia Short Stories*.

Now, editors David Stouck and Myler Wilkinson have put together a companion anthology of non-fiction. In *Genius of Place: Writing about British Columbia* they have brought together essays, journals, memoirs and sketches that span two centuries and view the land through a variety of perspectives: political, historical, geographical and cultural. The title is very apt reflecting as it does the editors' intent. "Genius" is one of those words that has a multiplicity of meanings but here it refers to "the distinctive quality or character of a place OR the body of traditions and influences associated with it." And once again the editors have used as selection criteria the link between place and imagination, geographic conditions and cultural expression - and fortunately the quality of writing itself.

Often when I approach an anthology, I turn to the final section on the theory that the editors have probably saved the best till last. But in this case, I would certainly not recommend that you do so. The selection called "Forest Primeval" is by Bill Richardson, currently host of the CBC program Richardson's Roundup. I can see why the editors might have chosen this as a salute to the marginal, eccentric, outcasts in our midst, but I found myself curiously unmoved by this portrait of a homosexual murder victim and unimpressed by the flat tone of interior monologue.

Much better that you start your exploration at the beginning. The first selection is the journal of one John R. Jewitt who lived from 1783 to 1821. Be sure to read the editor's brief background sketch to familiarize yourself with the context of time and place. In fact, these background pieces from the editors are one of the best features of the anthology. But to get back to Jewitt. His "Narrative of Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt" was published in 1815 and tells his story of more than two years of captivity by the Nootka people at Friendly Cove. The narrative is wonderfully lively and detailed, and actually Jewitt is a pretty appealing character, always longing to get back to "civilization" but doing what he must to survive (including taking an Indian wife despite his Christian scruples) and developing a grudging respect for his captor.

There are names here that are probably familiar to many readers. As might well be expected, there are excerpts from the writings of Roderick Haig Brown and Emily Carr, although much to my surprise nothing from Bruce Hutchison. Concerns about the ecological well being of the land and its resources are well represented by Mark Hume in an evocative and deeply sad piece entitled "Swimming at Night" about the plight of the steelhead in the Deadman River. And much the same themes are sensitively developed in Terry Glavin's essay "Oolichans" which studies the mysterious life-cycle of the candlefish exploring the incomprehension which exists between indigenous people and non-natives and lamenting our ignorant tampering with ecosystems. I was happy to revisit the work of Hugh Brody in two excerpts from *Maps and Dreams*, his masterful study of Athapaskan native culture.

Not surprisingly, I was particularly attracted to accounts that centered on areas I have recently visited. Last summer, I took part in a backpacking trip up to Cape Scott and was intrigued to see some of the house foundations and artifacts, all that remained of the colony established in 1896 by Danish settlers. Other Scandinavian groups attempted settlements based on spiritual and political freedom--Norwegians in the Bella Coola Valley and Finns on Malcolm Island. One section of *Genius of Place* includes excerpts from a journal call *Sound Heritage* that recorded recollections of men and women who grew up in these remote colonies.

And speaking of endurance and tough conditions. I began reading *Genius of Place* en route

Printed.
reviews of printed matter.



to Waterton National Park, and as we were driving through the Fraser Valley I was deep into the second selection in the book. I was also enthralled by an excerpt from "The Journals and Letters of Simon Fraser." The stark and graphic prose recounts the troubles besetting Fraser and his men: the horrific portages, the turbulent rapids, and the increasingly hostile and threatening natives.

But the piece that has stayed with me is one by Muriel Wylie Blanchet, an astonishing woman and a gifted writer. The excerpt is from *The Curve of Time*, the collection of her sketches which has remained continuously in print since its first publication in 1961. The sketches simply but dramatically record the sailing/camping holidays she took with her five children up and down the coast of British Columbia during the early part of this century.

Like the best anthologies, *Genius of Place...* reminds readers of favorite authors and introduces the names of unfamiliar writers. It acts as a sort of open sesame to the vast world of excellent writing about the people and land of British Columbia.

Jacquie Hunt

Under The Abdominal Wall

Sharon McCartney
Anvil Press

Local poet Sharon McCartney has offered up a striking first volume of poetry that brings new insight to the difficult subjects of illness, adolescence, birth and the crumbling relationships between family members. The events and characters of *Under The Abdominal Wall* are unadorned and as each poem builds memory upon memory, one is impressed by McCartney's intuitive and seemingly effortless sense of brevity. The main voice of this collection is not the typical sympathetic character that one would identify with, particularly in her adolescence (a time when most of us think we are sensitive creatures)--she is selfish and brutal, but the manner in which McCartney allows her to speak makes her vivid and distinctive and more human than the sympathetic character. This is a beautifully precise and moving collection that should definitely added to your personal reading list.

geraldine

Riff Randells

they're no rock and roll fun

By Holland Gidney

VANCOUVER, BC— "We like the Ramones but we're not obsessed," says Riff Randells bassist Mar Sellars.

Because of its name, her band gets mislabeled a lot and she wants to set the record straight. Sure, the Vancouver combo took its name, at the suggestion of guitarist Kathy Camaro, from the name of the central character in the 1979 movie *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, in which the Ramones help a group of students take over their school, but Sellars is quick to point out that PJ Soles, the actress who played the Ramones-obsessed Riff Randell in the movie, is much better known for her roles in porn movies. She also notes that the Riff Randells don't even sound like punks Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee

and Marky Ramone. "[The media] always says we're 'Ramones-inspired' but I don't think we really sound like the Ramones that much."

If you actually listen to the band's music, instead of thinking they sound like the Ramones, you can't help being reminded of other bands that are also on Vancouver's Mint Records. The Riff Randells put out a 7-inch on Mint in March and there's also a Riff Randells track on the *Vancouver Special* compilation CD that Mint put out in April. Listening to both releases, it's hard not to notice that the Riff Randells definitely have an old-school Mint sound, circa 1996 when Vancouver was hopping with Mint garage-pop bands like cub, Maow, and the Smugglers. Sellars says that the band really noticed this when booking the band's recent cross-Canada tour. "People were kind of excited when we were booking the tour. They were like, 'You guys are on Mint? They haven't put out anything like you in a long time, it's all been Neko Case and Carolyn Mark and I Am Spoonbender.'"

Riff Randells songs are hook-laden tunes overlaid with catchy, and often silly, lyrics. In the silly department, take, for example, a line from the Riff Randells theme song: "We're the Riff Randells, come party with us / We're too young to drive so we take the bus." It turns out that the line is a bit of a lie. Even though the band does take public transit-and has even



done a photo shoot on a bus--all of the Riff Randells are old enough to drive. (Sellars and Rawk are 19, and Camaro is 20.)

Speaking of driving, the Riff Randells spent three weeks in June traveling to Montreal and back in Sellars' mom's mini-van on the band's first major tour. Though along the way the band lost Sean Ragett as its singer, the other Riff Randells -- Sellars, Rawk and Camaro -- finished the tour. Since returning to Vancouver, the girls have kept playing as a three-piece and are going on tour with Chixdiggit in September. Rawk says the Riff Randells like getting out of town because the reception towards the band's music is often better.

"People are always jaded in your hometown -- it's true for every band," says Sellars. "Look at the Smugglers. Everyone talks about hating the Smugglers. But when they go outside [Vancouver], they're, like, huge in other cities."



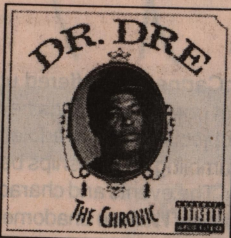
"It's just not cool to like local bands," says Rawk.

After a couple "mini-tours" playing mostly all-ages shows, the Riff Randells have amassed quite a following on Vancouver Island and in Kamloops, but at home in Vancouver, the band doesn't quite have headliner status yet.

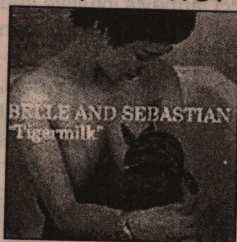


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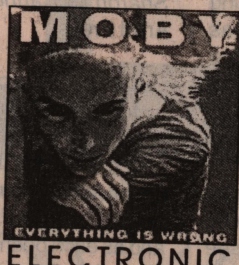
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But for May's New Music West (NMW) festival the band was asked by the festival's organizers to open for the recently reformed Gruesomes of Montreal garage rock fame. Originally the band hadn't wanted any part of NMW—and went so far as to stage their own "show-case" at a t-shirt shop on Granville St., playing a short set on a small stage to approximately twenty people—but they felt they couldn't turn down the chance to play with the Gruesomes and the show turned out to be their biggest yet.

As openers for the Gruesomes, the Riff Randells showed that they know how to rock. So, so what if the band has a "Ramones-inspired" name, there are occasionally perks to having a name that reminds people of a certain New York punk band. Like the time Sellars was in a bar and met "some crazy drunk guy."

"I told him I was in a band called the Riff Randells," she says. "He thought that was so cool that he gave me Joey Ramone's home phone number. Turns out it really was his number 'cause when I called it, his mom answered. Unfortunately, she said he had a fever and was too sick to come to the phone."

That was a year ago and Sellars hasn't had the guts to call the punk rock legend back. She says she's too scared.

"You don't want to bother the guy. You know, he's Joey Ramone," says Rawk.

Some people might consider having Joey Ramone's home phone number to be slightly obsessive but the Riff Randells do not. Why? Because, even though they're called the Riff Randells, they're *not* obsessed with the Ramones. But of course it's also worth noting that, after that famous phone call, Sellars' favourite Ramone is now Joey, "because he's so sickly."

For more information on the Riff Randells, check out the band's website at: <http://riffrandells.cjb.net>



BACK IN THE DAY: THE EARLY PUNK SCENE

By Ricky Long

Holy crap, I picked up the May issue of Offbeat (Beatoff we used to call it back in the mid eighties) and my name is in big letters on the cover. I didn't quite know how to take it. I always like to be on the sidelines, I'm just the guy standing on the dance floor stomping his foot to the band. My name on the cover reminded me of a time I was downtown hanging around the Market Square area and I bumped into old Tim Crow. He was a local character who used to sing in the band Suburban Menace a.k.a., Red Tide. Tim also put on a few punk shows and made the punk fanzine called Youth Plague. The Dayglos even wrote a song about him, "He's over here, He's over there, He's almost everywhere, He's getting in my hair! Kill Tim Crow, do it now....." Tim was quite the guy and he's yet another story I hope to get one day. Anyway, Tim comes up to me and says, "Have you seen the new Henry Rollins book, *Get Into The Van?* I'm on page 44 and it says Tim Crow Sucks Shit." *Get into the Van*, in my opinion is one of the greatest books I own, next to my Mad Magazines of course.

How the hell did I start writing? About five or six years back a group of us old punks gathered at Harpo's to see some no name punk band, I think it was Pearl Jam and man were they bad back then. We were also mourning the loss of yet another one of our friends, Ken J. He was the drummer for Red Tide, D.O.A., and an all around nice guy. We all started to talk about the old days of the punk rock scene in Victoria. The stories were endless there was fun, insanity, memorable gigs, and a lot of local bands that have just disappeared. Then someone said somebody should write a book about it. I thought yeah, what a great idea! I decided to take this drunken chatter and apply myself and do this book. I wanted to try to give the Victoria punk music scene something back for all the great times it has given me. The problem is I have never done anything like this and had to come up with a plan. A lot of my old friends had a few photos or posters at their parent's or in an old suitcase. I just started photocopying them and jammed them all into a three ring binder. I was surprised to accumulate over 70 pages of visual stuff for this book. Next I bought an old tape recorder and had some people go through the binder and tell me this and that about the gig posters.

There are still lots of people I want to interview and I know the stories are gonna be great. Then the project sat idle. Parenting, working, and my busy life allow me to spend a few hours a year on it. Good thing there is no deadline or flatrate on a project like this.

Next I figured I better learn how to write. I've got my grade ten English so I thought maybe I better take a writing class. Upon finding out how much it cost for these writing courses I quickly decided I would have to wing it. This is where Offbeat comes in. There is a section in this rag that says readers submissions welcome. I figured, what the hell, write something and send it to them. To my freakin amazement they printed it. I even got a few friends saying when are you going to write again. Now I try to contribute irregularly to Offbeat and thank them for giving me the opportunity to display some of my grade ten English writing skills.

I hope to complete this book one day and am going to dedicate it to the friends of the Victoria punk rock scene we have lost. Death was the one thing they never taught me how to deal with in school. Anyway, I had no idea they would put my name on the cover of the May issue of Offbeat. Much like Tim Crow being excited about his name appearing in the Rollins book, I was a little excited about my name being on the cover. At least it didn't say "Ricky Long Sucks Shit!" I guess we will leave that up to you readers to decide.

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Kid 606

"it'll take millions in plastic surgery to make me black"

By Randy Gelling

Just when I'm about to give in and get a real job, along comes Kid 606 to kick my jaded, cynical ass. Michael Trost Depedro (aka Kid 606), a 21-year-old, cat-loving, laptop terrorist has come to save us all from catatonia. The Venezuelan-born, but California-raised Kid's latest, *Down With The Scene* (Ipecac) is a brilliant, eclectic extension and consolidation of various avant-prole genres. Subjective hype? Probably, but the Kid and his fellow cohorts in sonic crime (David Kristian, Matmos, Lesser) are the only response to European electronic dance music in North America, outside of Detroit and Chicago, that is authentically indigenous and innovative instead of derivative and Anglophilic.

From over the phone in San Diego, the Kid talks of how he bought his first sampler when he was 14 with the medical insurance money he received for an accident that had damaged his finger. Previously he had been making noise with guitar and effects pedals but due to the accident he couldn't play guitar for some time.

"I had so little equipment, ability and musical knowledge," the Kid says. "You have to do some-

thing and what noise does is it allows anyone to make a statement; it's limited, but it's the most free music out there."

The Kid's first album, *Don't Sweat The Technics* (Vinyl Communication), made when he was just 16, is a landmark in one of the most detested and disreputable of genres: hardcore/jungle/gabba. Even though the Kid brought an unusually fine sense of dynamics and experimentation to the genre, today he is ambivalent about the results.

"It was weird to make so many different kinds of music but to have only one kind of it released. [The music on *Don't Sweat...*] reflected the one dimensionality of what I felt at that time. Music has always been personal for me. Where I've lived has always been crappy and what's happened to me, people I know and my family has always been bad. So, the hardcore/noisy/jungle/gabba stuff hit me and felt right at the time. I wish that I had access to everything I have now so that it wouldn't be so musically immature."

The Kid has since surprised everyone with his music's range of sounds and emotions.



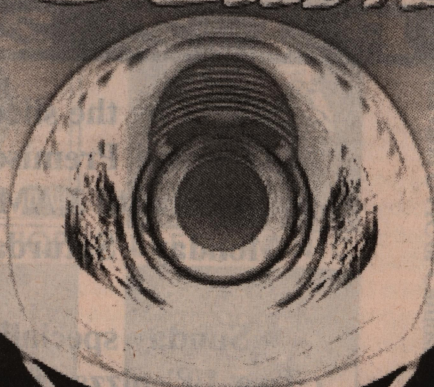
"*Down With The Scene* is the first record I've done that isn't segregated [by genre]," the Kid says, emphasizing the range of sounds on the album from the two-step bump n' grind of "Ruin It, Ruin Them, Ruin Yrself Than Ruin Me" to the beautiful "For When Yr Just Happy To Be Alive"—the sonic equivalent of overhearing computers making love in the next room. The romantic vulnerability of this track is most fully explored on the *Socccergirl EP* (Carpark), with its exquisite, crystalline digital textures.

But just as punk rock grew out of the primitivism and noise of garage rock and heavy metal, so Kid 606's music grows out of hardcore/gabba/jungle. It was his apprenticeship in this supposedly unsophisticated genre that has taught him to keep the physical kick of the beat in his music, at a time when so much IDM is rhythmically enervated to the point of boredom.

"These [IDM] people are so inane, especially with their titles," the Kid says. "[They're] ripping off Autechre and twisting Greek words into song titles and put melodies over shifty, clickety beats—that requires no intelligence. They think they're intelligent because they aren't making four-to-the-floor techno but there's no innovation at all."

The more subtle, abstract soundsc(r)ape side of the Kid has also found an outlet in the collabo-

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rative project known as Disc, where he worked with Lesser (who has now signed with Mator) and Matmos (a highly respected musique-concrete-electro duo).

The Kid met Matmos when the experimental rock-band he use to be in, Spacewurm, played on Matmos' radio show.

"Back then, there was no one in America doing weirdo electronic stuff and we wanted to get everyone involved...Now, the less people doing it the better," he says and laughs.

While some proposed that the anonymity of the producer in electronic dance music was a radical decentralization of pop's focus on persona (i.e. I sure would love to fuck/commune/lead a revolution with him/her/it); today it's clear the focus has merely shifted to the DJ as godhead. Kid 606, though, has injected a sense of personality, humor and emotional content back into the music. To a degree, this may come from the Kid's punky roots. His first label, Vinyl Communications, started out as a punk/reggae label that shifted into hardcore/gabba.

"I try to be cheeky and tongue-in-cheek...I'd be worried if I wasn't sticking with my mediocre punk ideals. Punk has always been part of it [for me]. Before it was punk in a hardcore way and now its' more poppy-punk electronic. I use to be totally anti-pop...but on a record like *Kid 606 & Friends* [on the Kid's own Tigerbeat6 label] the idea was to have a pop record made out of experimental songs."

At the same time, when pressed, the Kid partially backs away from claiming electronic music as the 'new punk'.

"A lot of people think that. And it kinda is [the new punk], but everything should be given its own identity because you don't want all the old punks feeling like you're stealing their ideals and music."

"I try to be cheeky and tongue-in-cheek...I'd be worried if I wasn't sticking with my mediocre punk ideals. Punk has always been part of it for me. Before it was punk in a hardcore way and now its' more poppy-punk electronic. I use to be totally anti-pop..."

Of course one of the major differences between punk and electronic dance music is in terms of politics. Punks claim some vaguely defined radicalism whereas electronic dance music generally ignores politics altogether. The one major exception being the radical DHR scene (Alec Empire, ATR, Shizuo), who quickly embraced the noisy, hardcore side of Kid 606 early on.

"I've met most of those [DHR] guys and they don't seem as politically aligned as they come off," he notes. "Its just that they need something to justify all the beats and noise. Whatever it is that

ATR wants their audience to get out of their music, it ends up just being 'Fuck MTV and start the riot.' Then people get drunk and hit each other."

(Kid 606 has two albums in the works, "weird, glitchy stuff" for the prestigious Mille Plateau label as well as a "glitchy hip-hop" album on Warp. The Kid's infamous remixes of NWA and The Misfits are now available on the Attitude 3" CD from Tigerbeat6. The complete song of "track titles for live jams are pretentious" is also available as a free MP3 at www.tigerbeat6.com.)



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REVIEWS

Blue Pine
Blue Pine
Global Sym-
phonic



Jimi Tenor
Out of Nowhere
Matador

Drunk. Drunken carnies. Drunken carny carnival music, hilarious horror stories, passing out face first in your own vomit. I saw Blue Pine before I heard their CD; a slurring, red-faced drunken crooner stumbled around on stage, plunking and strumming madly at his guitar strings, blubbering lyrics and shouting out incoherent babble. It was great, I admit. The CD begins at 3:30 am, when most people are going home from parties but the true drunks are still slobbering around, hitting on anything that moves and pouring two bottles of red wine down their gullets. I don't mean to glorify (if I am at all glorifying) the act of boozing at all, this is the plain truth. Song to song, Blue Pine's music moves from almost-passed-out slow to frenetic howling. Sometimes the music accidentally slips into pretty melodies; a glimmer of something real amongst the blood, tears and vomit of the world. "Raise your hands if you are a believer in a salad bar" goes one of my favorite tracks, "benjamin windsor: attorney at law." I guess this album makes me feel naked and pointed at, and clothed and invisible, all at once. It's achingly non-sensical, strangely pretty stuff.

The first song of this CD totally deceived me. It felt like music to a cheese horror video game where you're a Pokémon shaped Hitler trying to capture Dorothy in the magical land of Oz. In other words, I sorta dug it. Expecting more of this crazed dark semi-cheeziness I listened on, but to no avail. The rest of the album is a combination of techno-style beats with jazzy interludes, with high almost-pop vocals. Despite the very cool facts surrounding this recording (musicians from around the globe were brought in to record this album with a 60 piece orchestra in Poland and that the musicians were only fed the exact same meal of sausage and cabbage all throughout the recording), I'm still afraid I can't recommend this album. The intertwining melodic sound that Jimi seems to be going for here doesn't really work, trying too hard to harmonize or at best sounding cheezy. I don't know--despite the occasional interesting solo jazz interlude (although nothing really new or breakthrough), this work doesn't really bring anything pleasing to the table, merely sounding like a bunch of tracks sampled from various semi-popular video games.

Adam Jones

Jurassic 5
Quality Control
Interscope Records



If you're a hip-hop head with your ear to the ground, you probably already know about this album and how good it is. If you don't, and you dig on the Native Tongues and Zulu Nation vibe that groups like De La Soul and Tribe Called Quest laid down last decade, then you gotta peep this sucker. While the hip-hop charts flaunt imitators like Eminem and Lil' Kim, Jurassic 5 comes out with 15 fossils of real shit harkening back to the old skool days. This L.A. group ain't concerned with the thug life of bitches, riches and big cars, instead they're all about block parties, keeping it real and having fun. The rapid-fire, smooth-as-cocoa-butter interplay between the 4 emcees (Zaakir, Chali 2na, Marc 7even and Akil) takes us back to the innocent days of hip-hop, back when it was more fun and less commercial, and the vocal harmonizing is the most refreshing sound to hit the genre since Mos Def's *Black on Both Sides*. On tracks like "Quality Control" and "Improvise," J5 shows they excel at "takin' four emcees and make it sound like one." But their skills don't stop at flowin' on the mike. DJ's Cut Chemist and Nu-Mark lay down jazzy beats and soul samples and demonstrate that they can scratch with the best of them. Mos' definitely the best hip-hop release of the new millenium, it's well-worth checking out. It'll keep you bumpin'. Word.

Gone" and "Omar" slow the pace down again and feature some introspection from the band, a nice contrast to Clover Honey's poppier, more upbeat songs, which mostly feature more superficial lyrics. Take "Caroline" for example, which is in my opinion, one of the best tracks on the album, even though it's a song Clover Honey's been playing for ages and you'd think they'd be sick of it by now. Caroline apparently is a badass nine year-old girl who's in jail ("she's doin' time"), something to do with strychnine. The song's catchy, the lyrics imaginative, but the character is totally unreal. Other songs, like "Late August," a sweet song about love at first sight, and "Alleyway" are a little more believable and seem to be written from the heart. "Alleyway," for one, is based on a real experience and for a song about finding a dead body, it's pretty upbeat and nicely broken up by a well-placed high-pitched scream, followed by some cute giggling. "Late August," on the other hand, starts off well but goes pretty Age of Aquarius when the band starts singing about "urban soundscapes dripping wet/ rings of Saturn to be met" (or atleast that's what it sounds like they're singing, but with no lyrics sheet you can't be sure). By the time the album goes full-circle and you cross the line with a super laid-back reprise of "Dirty Honey" called "Really Dirty Honey," you've been raced through ten songs, some hits, some not, but together forming a showcase for the musical versatility of Clover Honey.

Holland Gidney

adambomb

Eric Anderson
You Can't Relive the Past
Applesseed/Festival

Perhaps Anderson was better known 30 years ago. A contemporary of Bob Dylan and Joni Mitchell, his songs have been covered by too many singers to mention, and he is still considered one of America's finest songwriters. Anderson has put out a steady flow of releases over the years including the one that caught my ear in the early 90's--a collaboration with Rick Danko (The Band) and Jonas Fjeld (a Norwegian fiddler) called simply Danko Fjeld Anderson. There is a part of Eric Anderson, the folkie, the singer-songwriter, that has always wanted to play the blues. And on this album he does. Much of *You Can't...* was recorded at Fat Possum Studios in Clarksdale, Mississippi (the rest in New York) with some of the best blues sidemen money can buy. Together, they tear up the floor with some scorching harmonica and guitar riffs and slow brooding meditations. But Anderson's deep voice, sometimes gravelly, sometimes a low whisper, lends itself to other moods as well. With the exception of the title track, a fun unabashed foray into pop with Lou Reed, the rest of the album is reminiscent in tone to Tom Russell's "The Man From God Knows Where." The songs are both bleak ("Meadowlark") and beautiful ("Cold Country") and some were presumed lost (four songs co-written with Townes Van Zandt in 1986) such as the sublime "Blue March" with its shifting melodies and French/English lyrics.

If you haven't kept up with Eric Anderson, this recording will reacquaint you; if you've never heard of the guy, you'll discover an exceptional writer and a solid album.

Wendy Wall

The Enkindels
Can't Stop the Enkindels
Initial Records

In general, this album has interesting lyrics and an up-beat style musically. But here's my problem with the whole thing; the music starts, its good and a certain mood is set. Its sounding fun, and you're getting ready for the lyrics to come in because they look good on paper, then...it speeds up, sounds fairly generic, and the vocals don't seem to match anything that it was leading up to. That's my problem with the album. Its got some good ideas, but falls a little short in some areas. But hey, if you like this style of punk rock then this will feel like home, but if your looking for atechanical and deep album, this probably wont satisfy your craving.

Lindsay C

Clover Honey
Go Horse Go
Lance Rock Records

Go Horse Go is Clover Honey's first full-length release. The album starts off strong with the racetrack instrumental "Dirty Honey"—the same song that was on the Vancouver Special compilation. If the energy from this song and the second song, "Caroline" had been maintained through the entire album, *Go Horse Go* would be a non-stop party rock album, but the band shifts gears almost right away when they drift into the slow and somewhat sad, "Long Gone," a song about not fitting-in, regretting past decisions and admitting that you know you were wrong. Songs like "Long

"FOR THOSE IN THE KNOW."



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Lindsay Sun

Brave Combo

The Process
Rounder Records

As I sit on the terrace watching the sun sink into the Pacific, I am reminded of the inevitable passing of time. The way our musical tastes change and morph, away from the hardcore antics of youth with its pretentious independent art rock overtones to a more refined and textured style of music. *The Process* typifies the realization of maturity. They are far too musically adept to be a throw away pop act, yet not quite eloquent enough to be placed on my classics shelf between King Crimson and The Specials. This six piece band have been together for twenty years. Most of their tracks have a ska flavor due to the horn, only less upbeat and with a more lyrical focus. Another underlying aural influence is a Latin teaser, which left me wanting more. Basically this is decent in the background, with a few examples of the potential of this band. I suspect they would be amazing to see at a house party, or as the opening act for some other more popular band with less talent but a better manager. Should you buy this album? You could do far worse, but ultimately it falls short of what it could have been.

Raymond Bastedo

Guy Davis

Butt Naked Free
Red House/Festival

Flat out I just have to say that I like Guy Davis. I consider him one of the key players in the movement back to acoustic blues. This is his fourth CD on Red House Records and I have every one in my collection. That said, you should know that he writes almost all of his own material; he's not just a great interpreter of songs from the fathers of his tradition. And his songs fit. They have that classic sound that can stand right up against Robert Johnson or Reverend Gary Davis or whoever. Guy Davis is the real deal: guitarist, harmonica player,

singer, and songwriter. *Butt Naked Free* is perhaps his best yet. The balance between country blues, slide numbers, pared down solo stuff and gritty band songs is just right. "Raining On My Soul" just drips with the heat of Alabama, while the accordion in "Let Me Stay A While" gives it a zydeco feel. The title track is an instrumental which inspired his young son to do a 'crazy leg dance.' He also amended its name to "Butt Naked Free running through the mud with no shoes on." Davis has a vitality that really comes out in his songs. This is blues that makes you feel good, tap your toes, clap your hands and give your sweetheart a squeeze. Enough said.

Wendy Wall

The Jazz June

The Medicine
Initial Records

The distinctive sound of the Jazz June has not only evolved but matured on greatly on *The Medicine*. It is a collaboration of melodic, upbeat, but often somber sounds that are used to create mysterious undertones. If you have been following their work over the years the maturity is apparent. Every detail has been carefully constructed and thought out to the last inch. This is partially due to the genius of J. Robbins (producer) who has worked with great bands such as Texas is the Reason, the Promise Ring and Jets to Brazil. His touch adds magic to an already perfect sound.

Lindsay Cooper

Automator

A Much Better Tomorrow
75 Ark (www.75ark.com)

Beginning with Sun Ra and his cosmic jazz, there has been a surprisingly consistent tradition of black science-fiction mythology in America, an allegorical dream of escaping the oppressions of the U.S. via interstellar/spiritual travel. As hip-hop has grown more claustrophobic and paranoid, as well as formally conservative, a few outsiders have decided along with Ra, Hendrix and Funkadelic that 'space is the place'. Perhaps hip-hop's greatest astronaut is Kool Keith, who in collaboration with the brilliant producer Automator produced the best hip-hop album of the 90's-- Dr. Octagon. *A Much Better Tomorrow* is an EP from the same fertile period (with a few bonus tracks added to make in an LP) and fully showcases Kool Keith's demented lyrical genius and Automator's rhythmic and aural invention. Only on a two other occasions has such significant innovation in terms of producer and MC coincided so perfectly: the Bomb Squad and Chuck D, Eric B and Rakim. The title track is the best example of Automator's skills in crafting a sonically dense composition out of violin riffs, honking saxophones and surreal, distorted soul/gospel/blues vocal hooks. Kool Keith shines most on the ingenious "Cartoon Capers," where the standard gangsta-rap 'street narrative' is parodied mercilessly by turning all the participants into famous cartoon figures. Keith trips off on images of Woody Woodpecker's legs being cut off with a black and decker while smoking weed with Charlie Brown and Wolverine and Tweety Bird is jumped by a gang of Gremlins.

Randy Gelling

WOMAD Tour the USA

By Jana Gee

WOMAD, the World of Music, Arts and Dance festival made its third annual appearance in the Pacific Northwest on July 28th, 29th and 30th, 2000.

Over 40 international artists performed on five stages at the Marymoor Park in Redmond, Washington state at WOMAD's only North American stop. Along with an exceptional lineup of performers, workshops were presented that included interviews and discussions, plus drumming, singing, dancing and songwriting sessions with panel participants such as Te Vaka of New Zealand, Alessandra Belloni from Italy and Femi Kuti of Nigeria. During the weekend, performers participated in more than twenty workshops where they shared their music, knowledge and culture. Other activities included a children's playground, international foods and crafts booths. This reviewer attended the last day of the WOMAD USA experience. On entering the park one could hear Jimmy Cliff in the distance singing "By the Rivers of Babylon." From there it was Geno Delafosse and the French Rockin' Boogie band with awesome accordion playing and singing of traditional Creole zydeco. Yair Dalai and the Tarab Ensemble from Israel was next in the musical feast. Their music blends traditional rhythms and instruments into a contemporary sound that is pleasing to hear and very danceable.

Tarika from Madagascar performed later in the day with songs of homeland struggles amidst the diverse harmonies and traditional instruments of their Indian Ocean island region. And as the sun was setting on a most beautiful day, Farafina took the stage. The drumming, dancing and singing made for an experience not soon forgotten. Their cultural roots and stage presence brought to the audience a taste of Africa. WOMAD will continue its global tour in Europe, Singapore and Australia with their last stop being New Zealand in February, 2001.

Avail

One Wrench
Fat Wreck Chords

The first time I heard Avail they were opening for a Lagwagon European tour. I was probably one of the few in the crowd that spoke English and actually understood what they were saying, but the crowd still went nuts--bodies were flying to the veracity that is Avail. *One Wrench*, their latest album on Fat Wreck Chords, captures that same intense, energized sound. Too heavy

to be classified strictly as punk rock, *One Wrench* combines aggressive guitar with dual raw vocals. The dual singers actually complement each other well--trading off lyrics so smoothly it's hard to tell their raucous voices apart. Avail's Richmond, Virginia upbringing plays quite a large role in their lyrics. It also gives them a different sound than the Southern California breeding ground of most new school punk bands. *One Wrench* is refreshingly hard-core.

Joel Fieber

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The Allies

D-Day
Asphodel

This, this, th, th-this, this is a scratch record. If you think DJ's scratching records back and forth sounds dis, dis, di-disjointed then maybe you won't like, like, won't like it. But if ya dig on that shit, especially with some deep, dark, deep-a-deep, deep dark beats added to the mi, mi, mi-mix then this one's for you.

The Allies crew consists of three-time DJ world-champion A-trak, two-time DMC Champion DJ Craze, beat-juggler extraordinaire Develop, and all-star DJs Spicktakular, J-Smoke and Infamous. At under 30 minutes, D-Day is a short-lived but effective aural invasion. My favorite tracks are the three where all the Allies members get together and jam. The result is an interesting mix of beats, samples and scratches unlike anything you ever heard. The solo stuff (each Allies member gets their own track) isn't as strong as the collaborative tracks, but Infamous' "The Anarchist Movement," with its surreal mix of electronica and electric guitar is the best of them all. Spicktakular's "Gotcha Covered" is probably the weakest link in the chain, not because it's the only track to feature an emcee, but because Mayhem's rhymes are just plain idiotic. Craze's "Freedom of Speech" is also worthy of mention, mostly because it reminds me of that kid's song, "nobody likes me, everybody hates me, goin' out to the garden to pick some worms." So if you wanna hear what happens when you bring the best scratch DJs in the world together under the same roof, climb aboard D-Day and let the invasion begin.

adambomb

roll is really about. Extra brownie points are awarded for song titles like "When Robots Fall In Love" and "When Robots Attack." Robots are going to be the next big thing. Why don't you get in on it before it breaks big, so you don't have to pretend to have been cool all along? The next Beatles are going to be robots--you can be one too.

Randy Gelling

Radiogram

Unbetween
Scratch Records

I'm taken. Radiogram makes beautiful music. Drowsy, dreamy, country rock, full of pretty melodies and aching lyrics. They opened for Black Heart Procession in Vancouver, and I can see why. Their music evokes the same sense of existence in times past, with waning trumpet and long accordion notes, a drunken, hazy ambience. A lot of albums fall into the trap of having all their songs sounding the same. Radiogram stays within a certain realm but still manages to produce a number of different sounds and subsequent emotions. I love the slow, pretty piano repetition on "To This Day." "The Ballad Of Sadie Henry" is a short country croon number, a warbling heartbreak. "Heaven's Not Home Tonight" finishes the album, an appropriate last song to remember Radiogram by, a slow song to lull you to sleep. I'm telling you right now: don't miss them when they come to town.

Lyndsay Sung



Mice Parade

Collaborations
Bubble Core/After Hours

This is an album unlike any other, in many senses. Not that it's so weird and wacked out you wouldn't be able to decipher the music. In fact, it could certainly be categorized under the experimental category, yet some of the melodies and the evocation are indeed fantastically poppy and loveable. Upon looking at the album art one would expect to hear electronic minimalism or something—I like to judge albums by covers sometimes, but in cases like these such judgements don't carry over very well. The album is called *Collaborations* for a reason—Adam Pierce has combined a slew of artists including Curtis Harvey, Jim O'Rourke, Nobukazu Takemura, Aki Tsuyuko and Doug Scharin to great advantage. The outcome of all these people working together is the strange, pretty electronic gurgle of the album. The music moves very effortlessly from one sound to another, easing, within each song, from pop electronic to an orchestra of folky strings, from crumbs of static to sing-along indie pop riffs. If you're bored with life and/or music, maybe Mice Parade may inspire you.



Lyndsay Sung

The Nextmen

Amongst The Madness
75 Ark

From the trip-hop capital of the world--Bristol, England--comes The Nextmen, the newest UK hip-hop offering. On *Amongst the Madness*, The Nextmen prove that the Brits can do hip-hop just as well as their American counterparts, if not better. Maybe it has something to do with all the American rappers that producers Brad Baloo and Dom Search have gathered together on this album. Or maybe not. Maybe it has something to do with being influenced by producers like Marley Marl, JayDee and Pete Rock, DJs like Jazzy Jeff and Cash Money and groups like Blackalicious and Jurassic 5. Whatever it is, *Amongst the Madness* features 17 funky, up-beat tracks that will keep your rump-a-shakin'. The Nextmen's another fine addition to the growing legion of fun and positive hip-hop groups out there. Nothing new or sonically-innovative here, but it's solid through and through and should please all y'all hip-hop cats out there.

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Weights & Measures

S/T
Matlock Records

The lazy rock-critic would say of Weights & Measures, "Good Canadian post-rock." But let's define our terms. Post-rock: term invented by British music critic Simon Reynolds to describe a group of limey avant-rockers (Techno Animal, Young Gods, MBV) who displaced the traditional rhythmic role of guitar in favor of exploring its ability to create unusual textures and noise. Now I may be getting my kicks in late in the game, but even ignoring the fact that in the past any number of significant rock bands have done the same thing (The Fall, Birthday Party, Flipper) most of the definitive post-rock groups like Tortoise and U2 have merely shifted the lead instrument role to the bass or some other unconventional non-rock instrument like the vibraphone. According to Reynolds' logic, a piano jazz trio is "post-jazz" because there's no lead saxophonist. As for Weights & Measures, they're a traditional guitar/bass/drums set-up who crank out those lean, stop/start rhythms that all the older emo kids go crazy for and call "math-rock" because they can't admit to themselves that most of this stuff sounds like mid-70s King Crimson (Prog-rock + Post-Fugazi Hardcore = W & M). "Course there's nothing the matter with that as this stuff delivers the kind of visceral, physical kick that all rock n'

World Saxophone Quartet

Requiem For Julius
Justin Time

If you know about the World Saxophone Quartet you know that Julius Hemphill was one of its co-founders. You also know that he died in 1995, after 12 years or so the Quartet's existence. This CD is their tribute to him. Three surviving members (Hamiet Bluiett, Oliver Lake, and David Murray) are joined by John Purcell on this recording. Forty-nine minutes of the CD are "free jazz," or whatever label is applied to this type of music these days. All of WSQ's elements are here—four horns going their separate ways, four musicians expressing themselves extemporaneously, but returning periodically to the charts. However, the last four minutes is a track simply called "Blues," and the Quartet plays it pretty straight ahead. Listen especially to the bass line that Bluiett plays on baritone sax, echoes of New Orleans traditional jazz and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Reminds me of the R&B of the '40's and early '50's when bands had baritone and bass saxes play the bass line because there was no electric bass. In past mutations the group has reached some of its highest peaks paying tribute to departed masters such as Duke Ellington, Lester Young, Eddie Jefferson and Miles Davis. Now they've done the same in honoring one of their own.

Chuck Hill

The Who

BBC Sessions
MCA

Somewhere on Bikini Kill's near-classic *Pussy-Whipped* album Kathleen Hanna screeches, "Thurston Moore hearts The Who." The implication is that The Who are a band completely too uncool for the punksters and pseudo-revolutionaries of the world to possibly like, instead of one of

the fundamental building blocks for punk rock and all that would follow it (including Moore's Sonic Youth). It may help to remind the punk intelligentsia that the Pistols regularly covered The Who's brilliant kiss-off anthem "Substitute." Amid rumors of yet another 'Greatest Hits' tour to pay off their drug debts, the *BBC Sessions* are a timely reminder of just how raw, innovative and seminal a group The Who were in their prime (65'-68'). It would be a real shame if the group is best remembered for the turgid, pretentious and overrated 'rock opera' *Tommy* (as *Rent* proves conclusively, there simply ain't no such thing as a rock opera). In their early years they were more noted for the introduction of lyrical material—masturbation, class resentment, nihilism, cross-dressing—that stripped away the pop euphemisms (love) of the day to reveal the true psychotic and anti-social nature of the music (fucking). The real innovation though was the way guitarist-lyricist-junkie Pete Townshend found to express all this negativity via a formal musical structure: i.e. SKREEEEEEEE... feedback, over-distortion and the destruction of harmonic and melodic structure. What the hell was Townshend's problem? According to John Fuller's deeply insightful *Are The Kids Alright? The Rock Generation And Its Hidden Death Wish*, Pete was a guitar-smashing drug addict due to his big, honking nose. Seems reasonable. But he had also been listening to Stockhausen—the high-brow name dropped in defense of low-brow sonic hooliganism occurred in a 1967 *International Times* interview—and probably Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor to boot. No matter, Townshend deserves the credit (with an assist by Ike Turner and Link Wray) for laying down the jagged noise guitar shtick that the Velvet, Stooges and countless garage bands would later twist into punk rock proper. Some of you may be thinking, "Hey, what about Hendrix?" Alright, Hendrix definitely played some of the best noise guitar ever, but too many critics push Jimi's blues roots at the expense of recognizing the impact British rock had on him (and vice versa) before the whole shebang died amidst an outburst of 'sophistication' and respectability (ergo, punk rock). Regardless, Pete was there first, and the guitar breaks on these live versions of "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" "My Generation" and "Run, Run, Run" are the proof.

Randy Gelling

(P.S. Keith Moon's drumming, in terms of rock, was a true liberation of rhythm. 4/4 time would never be the same again. Until disco.)

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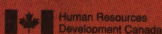
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